

LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO COMMERCIAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, &C.

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LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

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From the Saturday Evening Post.

PAYING THE MINISTER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Money, money, money! That's the everlasting cry! I'll give up my pew. I won't go to church. I'll stay at home and read the Bible. Not that I care for a few dollars, more than I do for the dust that blows in the wind; but this selling of salvation for gold disgusts me. I'm sick to death of it."

"But hear first, Mr. Larkin, what we want money for," said Mr. Elder, one of the vestrymen of the church to which the former belonged. "You know that our minister's salary is very small, in fact, entirely insufficient for the maintenance of his family. He has, as might be supposed, fallen into debt, and we are making an effort to raise a sufficient sum to relieve him from his unpleasant embarrassment."

"But what business has he to go in debt, Mr. Elder? He knows the amount of his income, and, as an honest man, should not let his expenses exceed it."

"But you know, as well as I do, that he cannot live on four hundred dollars a year."

"I don't know any such thing, friend Elder. But I do know that there are hundreds and thousands who live on much less, and save a little into the bargain. That, however, is neither here nor there. Four hundred dollars a year is all this parish can afford to pay a minister, and that Mr. Malcolm was distinctly told before he came. If he could not live on the salary offered, why did he come. Mr. Pelton never received more."

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Larkin. Mr. Pelton never received less than seven hundred dollars a year. There were always extra subscriptions made for him."

"I never gave any thing more than my regular subscription and pew rent."

"It is more than I can say, then. In presents of one kind and another, and in money, it never cost me less than from fifty to seventy-five dollars a year extra. Having been in the vestry for the last ten years, I happen to know that there was always something to make up at the end of the year, and it generally came out of the pockets of a few."

"Well, it isn't right, that's all I have to say," returned Mr. Larkin. "A minister has no business to saddle himself upon a congregation in that way for less than his real weight. It's an imposition, and one that I am not going to stand. I'm opposed to all these forced levies, from principle."

"I rather think the first error is on the side of the congregation," said Mr. Elder. "I think they are not only to blame, but really dishonest in fixing upon a sum for the support of a minister, that is plainly inadequate to his maintenance. Here, in our parish, for instance, a thousand dollars might be paid to a minister with the greatest ease in the world; and no one be oppressed by his subscription. And yet, we are very content and self-complacent in our niggardly tender of four hundred dollars."

"A thousand dollars! I don't believe any minister ought to receive such a salary. I have no notion of tempting, by inducements like that, money-lovers into the sacred office."

"Pardon me, Mr. Larkin, but how much does it cost you to live? Not less than two thousand five hundred dollars a year, I presume."

"But I don't put my expenses along side of the minister's. I can afford to spend all that it costs me. I have honestly made what I possess, and have a right to enjoy it."

"I didn't question that, Mr. Larkin, I only turned your thought in this direction, that you might realize in your own mind how hard it must be for a man with a family of three children, just the number that you have, to live on four hundred dollars a year."

"But the allusion to matters personal to Mr. Larkin gave that gentleman a fine opportunity to feel offended, which he did not fail to embrace and close the interview."

This was Mr. Elder's first effort to obtain a subscription for paying off the minister's debt. It quite disheartened him. He had intended making three calls on his way to his store that morning, for the purpose of trying to raise something for Mr. Malcolm; but he felt so discouraged by the reception he had met with from Mr. Larkin, that he passed on without doing so. Near his store was a carriage repository. The owner of it put his hand upon his shoulder as he was going by, and said:

"Just step in; I want to show you something beautiful."

Mr. Elder went in, and was shown a very handsome and fashionable made carriage, with all the modern improvements. "This is something very elegant, certainly. Who is it for?"

"One of the members of your church."

"Ah?"

"Yes. It is for Mr. Larkin."

"Indeed! How much does it cost him?"

"Eight hundred dollars."

"He ought to have a fine pair of horses for so fine a carriage."

"And so he has. He bought a noble span last week for a thousand dollars."

Mr. Elder said what he could in praise of the elegant carriage; but he could not say much, for he had no heart to do so. He felt worse than ever about the deficiency in Mr. Malcolm's salary.

On the next day he was in better spirits, and called in upon one of the members of the church as he passed to his store. He stated his errand, and received this reply:

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Elder, I am of Larkin's opinion in this matter. If our minister agreed to come for four hundred dollars, he should stick to his contract. He's no business to go in debt, and then call upon us to get him out of his difficulties. It isn't the clean thing. I don't mind a few dollars any more than you do; but I like principle. I like to see all men, especially ministers, stick to their text. Malcolm knew, before he came here, what we could afford to give him, and if he couldn't live upon that, he had no business to come. That's what I think of it, and I always speak out my mind plainly."

Mr. Elder made no more begging calls on that day. But he tried it again on the next, and found that Larkin had been over the ground before him, and said so much about the imposition of the thing, that he could do little or nothing. There was a speciousness about Larkin's manner of alluding to the subject, that carried people away with him; particularly as what he said, favored their inclination to keep a tight hold of their purse strings. He was piqued with Elder, and this set him to talking, and doing more mischief than he thought for.

The Rev. Mr. Malcolm was a man about thirty years of age. He had taken orders a couple of years previous to the date of his call to the parish where he now preached. At the time of doing so, he was engaged in teaching a school, from which he received a very comfortable income. The Bishop who ordained him, recommended the parish at C—, when Mr. Pelton left them, to apply for Mr. Malcolm, which was done. The latter was an honest, conscientious man, and was sincere in his desire to do good in the sacred office to which he believed himself called. When the invitation to settle at C— came, he left home and visited the parish, in order that he might determine whether it was his duty to go there or not. On his return, his wife inquired, with a good deal of interest, how he liked the place, and if he thought he would go there.

"I think I shall accept the call," he said. This was not spoken with much warmth.

"Don't you like the people?" inquired Mrs. Malcolm.

"Yes; as far as I saw them they were very pleasant, good sort of people. But the salary is entirely too small."

"How much?"

"Four hundred dollars a year, and the parsonage; a little affair that would rent for about a hundred dollars."

"We can't live on that," said Mrs. Malcolm, in a disappointed tone; "it is out of the question."

"No, certainly not. But I was assured that at least seven or eight hundred would be made up during the year. This has always been done for Mr. Pelton, and will be done for me, if I accept the call."

"That might do, if we practised close economy. But why do they not make the salary seven or eight hundred dollars at once? It would be just the same to them, and make the minister feel a great deal more independent."

"True. But we must let people do things in their own way. We can live on seven hundred dollars, and I think it my duty to give up my school, and accept the call."

"No one, certainly, can charge you with sordid views in doing so, for your school yields you now over a thousand dollars, and is increasing."

"I will try and keep my mind free from all thought of what people may say or think," returned Mr. Malcolm, "and endeavor to do right for the sake of right."

The wife of the Rev. Mr. Malcolm fully sympathized with her husband in his wish to enter upon the duties of his sacred calling, and was ready to make any sacrifice that could be made, in order to see him in the position he so much desired to occupy. She did not, therefore, make any objection to giving up their pleasant home and sufficient income, but went with him cheerfully to C—, and there made every effort to reduce all their expenses to their reduced means of living.

It is a much easier thing to increase our expenses, than to reduce them. We get used to a certain free way of living, and it is one of the most difficult things in the world to give up this little luxury, and that pleasant indulgence, and come right down to the meagre necessities of life. This fact was soon apparent to Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm; but they were in earnest in what they were about, and practised the required self-denial. Their expenses were kept within the limits of seven hundred dollars, the lowest sum that had been named.

At the end of the first three months, one hundred dollars were paid to the minister. When he gave up his school, he sold it out to a person, who wished to succeed him, for two hundred dollars. The expense of removing to C—, and living there for three months, had quite exhausted this sum. Mr. Malcolm paid away his last dollar before the quarter's salary was due, and was forced to let his bread bill and his meat bill run on for a couple of weeks. These were paid the moment he received his salary.

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does him no good. Above all things his mind should live in a region above the anxieties that a deficient income and consequent debt always occasion. We must husband what we have, and make it go as far as possible.

By the end of two months, the hundred dollars were all expended; but not a word had been said about the additional three or four hundred that had been promised; or, that Mr. Malcolm fully believed had been promised. Bills had now to be run up with the baker, grocer, and butcher, which amounted to nearly fifty dollars when the next quarter's salary was paid.

Mr. Malcolm did not doubt but the additional amount promised when he consented to accept the call, would be made up. Still, he could not help feeling troubled. If things went on as they were, by the end of the year he would be in debt at least two hundred dollars. And, of all things in the world, he had a horror of debt.

During this time he was in familiar intercourse with the principal members of his church, and especially with the leading vestrymen, who held out inducements to him beyond the fixed salary. But no allusion was made to the subject, and he had too much delicacy to introduce it.

At last matters approached to a climax. [CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

LIFE'S REALITIES.

BY H. MARION WARD.

And weep, weep, proud girl! that thou didst cast Thy boat on life's wild tide;

Didst fill its sails with golden hopes, While passion was its guide;

Weep for the shattered, storm-torn bark, That wrecked of wasted years—

Of feelings crush'd, of hopes destroyed, Ay! coin their worth in tears.

Weep! for thy spirit-harp has hushed Its gushing melody—

Its plaintive wail has died away Like music on the sea.

The hand that swept its quivering strings, Has seal'd a deeper woe;

The heart that call'd its music forth, Throbs for another now.

Weep! weep thy fill—then quell for aye Thine agony of soul!

Heard pride upon the grave of hope— Guard it with self-control!

Give smile for smile, and jest for jest, Be of the world a part!

But keep such grief a secret thing, Deep buried in thy heart!

The following suggestion, says the Bangor Gaz., should take with every paper and newspaper reader in the country. Give papers in the State a free circulation, and it will do much to check what has become a serious evil—the influx of papers of other States to the ruin of local paper. This fact is fast obliterating the distinctive characteristics of the States, especially of the younger and feebler and tend strongly to centralization, and the subjection of mind in the country to mind in the great metropolis whence issues the reading of the people.

"POSTAGE ON NEWSPAPERS.—This must be reduced. It is altogether too high. One cent should be the highest rate for newspapers sent to any part of the U. States, and they should be forwarded, free of charge, within the State where they are published. Let us all insist upon this. By all we mean both the editors and the public. It would be an immense benefit to both—to the former by greatly increasing their circulation, and to the latter in the more liberal diffusion of intelligence and literature."—New World.

There is a general sentiment that there should be action in this matter of newspaper postage, and as Congress is about assembling, every newspaper reader should be active in efforts to effect it.

There was no good reason for changing the late provision in force making newspapers free within thirty miles of publication; and some measure of the kind should be revived and enforced. Newspapers form almost the whole reading of the million, and any tax upon them, is in effect a tax on the diffusion of the intelligence among those who most need it.

In Great Britain, newspapers go to all parts of the kingdom free. We would not advocate so thorough a measure as this, for we have thousands of papers, in comparatively small localities, which need and should receive some degrees of protection from the multimillion issues of newspapers from one type, which inundate the country from the cities. It is for the interest of the people that there should be such protection. If city publications are to enjoy monopolies, let it be from mere cheapness, which in most cases is not cheapness at all, even to the purchasers, postage free within the State—within Congressional districts—or within counties—one of these should be adopted in next Congress. We hope the Representatives from Maine will be disposed to give this matter some attention.—Republican Journal.

A party of wags in London having 'cornered' a real Jonathan, asked him what kind of a country America was, he replied: "Sir, every thing in America is on a grand scale. Our mountains are stupendous, our rivers are deep, our plains are interminable, our forests have no beginning nor no end, our trees tower to the skies, our miles are twice as long as yours, our girls are sweeter than jelly, and then (here he took a piece of money out of his pocket and laid it on the table) just look at our dollars!"

A Benedic to a Bachelor.

Don't tell me "you haven't got time"—

"That other things claim your attention,"

There's not the least reason or rhyme—

In the wisest excuse you can mention.

Don't tell me about "other fish,"

Your duty is done when you say "I'm

And you will never relish the dish,

Unless you have a woman to fry 'em.

You may dream of poetical fame,

But the story may chance to miscarry;

The best way of sending one's name

To posterity, Charles, is to marry.

And here I am willing to own—

After soberly thinking upon it—

"Free Passage Home."

The St. John, New Brunswick, papers contain notices, inviting distressed emigrants to apply at the Mayor's office in that city, where—they are told—they will be provided with free passages and suitable fare for their return home. What satire in that word, *home*? Most of them brought with them all that they could call "home" on earth; their wives, children, brothers and sisters, the power and willingness to labor to keep a family together, the strong determination that the family would work, live and die together. They have no "homes," in England, Ireland and Scotland. They have brought with them their only hearth-stone, the warmth of mutual affection. Nothing can be colder than the pseudo-home to which it is proposed to send them.

Many emigrants, wearied by hopes deferred, and almost despairing of obtaining any results for the rich promises which tempted them to leave their native country may be induced to accept offers like these. They may prefer to die on the soil which bore, but was not permitted to nourish them. Many others may be willing to wear out their tedious existence in steerage passages across the Atlantic, paid for on the one side by baffled municipal authorities at St. John, and on the other by equally baffled municipal authorities at St. John. St. John will be well crowded, at any rate, with discontented wanderers from all quarters, asking to be sent home, and for their "suitable fare."

We allude to this matter more particularly than we otherwise should because the matter has been mooted in our own community. The cry of "send them home"—feeble and discordant enough it is true—has met almost every arrival of foreigners, since, by dispossessing the aborigines, the coast from Maine to Florida had been secured by European immigrants. It is now repeated with increasing force although with daily decreasing reason. As our own community becomes larger, wiser and better—if it is growing larger and better—less and less harm will be done by the introduction of one vagabond or even one rascal. We can now withstand more imported poverty, extortion and wickedness than we could a century ago. We are in a better position to turn evil tendencies to good results, and to put down by the strong hand, tendencies which will not be so converted.

So much for our power of resisting the evils of immigration. But our progress gives us in still greater degree the capacity to avail ourselves of its advantages. We really want immigrants. Labor is actually in demand here. We want both hand work and head work, to enable us—if we may use the cant phrase of the day—"to finish the country." We not only want men to do the hard work of excavating our mines, filling our mud-scows, building our rail roads,—but we want the scientific philosophers, mechanics, engineers, inventors of the old world to come to us. We cannot afford to shut out such men as Lieber, and Agassiz. The land that gave shelter to Emmet ought to put itself in a position to do the same service, even to a Pope unsuccessful in the cause of liberty; and ought to feel proud in being able to draw to itself all talent, all energy, and all industry which seeks its shore, and happy in having room, protection, assistance, education, opportunity for all. Every effort made here by native or foreigner, black or white, redounds to the advantage, credit, progress of the whole mass, and we might as well refuse to receive gold because it was dug in Mexico, as to avail ourselves of the services of a man, because he was born in Ireland.

It may or may not be worth while to add in a line that we have no moral right to lay any restrictions upon immigration here, further than is required for the protection of social order and of property actually made and acquired by us prior to such immigration. We guard the entrances to a large unsettled country. ours only as guardians, not as inhabitants. If the crowded parishes of Europe are anxious to come to these desert places and make them productive gardens, it is certainly our duty to open the doors to them, and we ought to esteem it a privilege to point out to them the way.

There are undoubtedly many difficulties arising from the influx of pauper emigrants. This "send home" doctrine, however, is the weakest of remedies for the trouble. Many persons who would eventually become good and useful citizens—in the moment of the first landing upon a strange shore, avail themselves of it and become burdens instead of helps to the community. Worthless persons from all quarters and distances would be drawn by it to any port that should adopt and put it in practice. The private charities of the poor to those of their own class would be checked, and the organized protection and guidance of the benevolent societies would be disarmed by it. Immigration would continue; but honest poverty would be discouraged while lazy rascality would be fostered.

A HOUSEHOLD CONVEYANCE. A farmer of St. Albans, Vermont, recently made a grand entry into that place, mounted on a small car drawn by four large hogs. He entered the town at a brisk trot, amidst the exclamations of hundreds, who were soon drawn together to witness this uncommon spectacle. After making the tour of the market-place three or four times, he went into the wool-sack yard, had his swinish cattle unharnessed and taken into a stable together, where they were regaled with a trough full of beans and wash. They remained about two hours, when he despatched his business as usual at the market, when they were put to and driven home again, multitudes cheering him. This man, it is said, has only had these animals under training six months. A gentleman on the spot offered him \$240 for the concern as it stood, but it was indignantly refused.

A COINCIDENCE. The Worcester Transcript says "it is a little remarkable, that, of the two greatest of the public works of Boston, Quincy Market and the Cochituate Water Works, one of them was constructed under the Mayoralty of Josiah Quincy the father, and the other under that of Josiah Quincy the son, both being still living. Is there not something in a name?"

The following paragraphs, illustrative of the Chinese, their manners and customs, will be read with interest.—We take them from the Boston Advertiser:

THE SOUP MERCHANT.

"In one place may be seen a soup merchant, with his furnace and boiler, from whence arises a pleasant wreath of steam, and a savory odour—his bowls, dishes and spoons of Chinaware and his seats—all suspended from the universal bamboo. He goes along at a trot, with his face beaming with cheerfulness, and his eyes glancing about in search of customers. I have a vast liking for this character, especially about the hour for dinner. There is something rich and oily in his occupation, and the idea is not unfrequently heightened by the fat and comfortable appearance of the vendor. As he stands witnessing the hunger to the many appeased, he looks down upon them and smiles encouragingly and beneficently, and I make no doubt, takes to himself all the feelings of satisfaction and self approbation which properly belong to a benefactor. Watch that man yonder! A struggle seems to be going on within him, between inclination and ability—he gazes at the pot—he approaches—he lifts the cover. The cloud of steam and fragrance that rises in his face, appears to have overcome his scruples, for he recklessly puts down his cash, and takes the only vacant seat. Your soup looks nicely, and I have no objection to olfact it at the above mentioned time, but there are strange rumors afloat concerning the culinary art as practised by your countrymen, and it was no longer ago than yesterday, that I detected an old woman on 'Jackass Point,' singing a rat over a chip fire. I would not insinuate that your broth is not edible and innocent, but there is a disagreeable uncertainty about these things that puzzles the will, and—I can only recommend you to the gastronomic inclinations of others more curious than myself."

THE BARBER.

"Next comes a Barber; he makes people aware of his vicinity by snapping together the forks of an instrument like a pair of tweezers with a stiff spring, which emits a loud click, followed by a buzzing noise. Nothing is thrown away here—even the hair is collected and sold as manure. It is said that there are seven thousand barbers in Canton, and I can readily believe it, for one runs against them at every turning. They go through manipulations unheard of with you. Among the oddities of the profession, are the picking clean the eyes and ears—things, perhaps, more odd to look at than agreeable to talk of. Why they meddle with the eyes, I never knew, indeed, I never enquired."

AN APOTHECARY'S SHOP.

"A little distance beyond stands a shop fitted with herbs and medicinal plants, and there is an erudite looking individual in a long gown, pouring over a heap outside the door. You would be pleased to see how similar is an Apothecary's shop in its arrangement, to those at home. There is the same counter, behind and above which are like rows drawers neatly labelled, and jars and vases are ranged overhead and scattered about the shop. I went into one a short time since, and rummaged about with much satisfaction, though I cannot say my curiosity was much lessened by what I saw. One man was weighing medicine in a tiny scale, for a prescription, to which he occasionally referred with a sagacious countenance. Another was engaged upon a mess of black paste, which he rolled into thin sheets, and cut into narrow strips, then into small pieces, which he formed with great quickness and dexterity into pills. A small boy in a state of partial nudity presided at the mortar, and one or two other persons were lounging about. These latter good naturedly showed me everything. They dived into recesses, and brought forth dry, black looking roots—they opened drawers and abstracted from them small paper parcels—they brought down from overhead, at the imminent risk of their necks and limbs, antique bottles and vases, which were immediately opened for my inspection."

Opposite is a tempting display of the Areca nut, commonly called Betel nut. It much resembles a nutmeg, though of a lighter color. It is cut into halves, upon which is spread a thin coat of pink colored chennam, which is said to give it flavor—and it is then chewed with the addition of a Betel leaf. Under each piece of one of these dark green, glossy, aromatic leaves. It is chewed throughout India and the southern part Asia. When much used it blackens the teeth, lips and gums; among the Malays, many countenances are made hideous from an excessive use of it.

PERAMBULATING DOCTORS.

One of the most repulsive objects, to me, that are to be met with in the streets, is a perambulating Doctor. By comparison, lechered pig merchants are quite endurable, and those whose speculations are confined to the canine and feline races, with their stocks in trade, are comfortable companions. Fancy a person of the most squalid appearance, dressed in a long gown, the original color of which has long since disappeared beneath the combined attacks of exposure and dirt; the hair and beard are neglected, the latter descending to his breast. In one hand he carries a long staff with which he supports his feeble steps; and appearance of age—or feebleness, the natural accompaniment of age—implying wisdom, and the filthy and neglected state of the person, probably, his entire devotion to his profession, which by the way, seems to be mixed up with a large share of necromancy. The other hand contained the skull of some small animal, probably that of a monkey, as parts of this animal are powerful agents in the materia medica of the Chinese. In the grille were fastened the skeleton paws of the same animal, while a variety of articles which seemed to be worn as charms and amulets, were dispersed about the person. Add to this man, a pair of filthy shoes, with stockings down at the heels, and three or four necklaces of old teeth, which hung over his breast and down to his knees, and which rattled in a most doleful manner as he walked;—and you have a faint idea of such a character as I saw."

STREET BEGGARS.

Beggars may be found by the charity-

bly disposed in great numbers, and without the slightest inconvenience, for they infest the streets, especially those in the vicinity of factories. There is presented in this profession, almost every variety of deformity. The halt, the blind, the hump-backed, the tumorous, the shrivelled in body, and the unformed in limb.—Blind men with staves walk forth with the dawn upon their daily tramp, and, striking accompaniment on bits of bamboo—pour forth in a sing-song recitative, their troubles, and their claims upon the public sympathy. Amputated at the feet, at the knees, and the thighs, they crawl and shuffle over the pavement. With limbs twisted and contorted beyond the writhings of nature in her deepest agony they supplicate for assistance. They cry out from sunny corners, where they have been propped up by the kind hearted. With their bodies cast down in crowded thoroughfares; groveling on the earth with heads low bowed, and foreheads kissing the shrines of the streets, they stun the passer-by with hoarse, discordant cries; or their notes fall upon the ear with a wild and mournful melody, most melancholy, which lingers long in the memory. From the first faint tinge of morning—through the long day, till when night lights up the star-paved heavens, and the pensive thoughts gather with the descending shades; the shrill cries jar upon the ear, even in our seclusion, and misery will not be denied a hearing."

FEMALE LUNCH LAW. Last week a novel scene, which attracted considerable attention, was enacted in one of the hop-gardens at the Elm Farm, in the neighboring parish of Iden, Sussex. It appears that on the day previous a man from Woodchurch Kent, who was engaged in the hop-picking on the farm, had beaten his wife in the way that some parents punish their children. A number of women (also from Woodchurch) who were picking at another farm in the parish, having heard of the treatment that one of their own sex had been subjected to, determined upon inflicting summary punishment on the offender. They accordingly provided themselves with stinging nettles and hollyhocks, and proceeded en masse to the garden where the culprit was at work. They at once commenced their work of castigation, by a process well known among schoolboys as 'birching,' and having at length satisfied their notions of justice, they released the culprit, who having suffered, not from the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, but from the equally smarting and more tangible effects of nettle and hollyhocks, gladly availed himself of the opportunity to retire looking as happy as if he had stumbled into a wasp's nest.—[Eng. Paper.]

A NEW ARTICLE OF MERCHANDISE.—The sale of his crown by the Duke of Lucca, for twelve hundred thousand livres of rent, is the last brilliant achievement which Paris has last admired. It is every way, a gain to the little ex-Sovereign. Nobody was ever likely to hear of him as one of the series of the Grand Dukes of Lucca. Every body will hear of him as the man who sold his throne, and made a good trade of it. As a Government, Lucca was a nest of petty troubles, with a prospect of assassination. Its territory was but thirty leagues square and its population one hundred and forty-five thousand. He has sold every league to the Duke of Tuscany, therefore, for about forty thousand livres of annual rent, and every subject for eight francs of annuity, per head. It is said that the Princes and petty monarchs of the Germanic confederation are all in a ferment, anxious to sell out at the Lucca sale, and dying to go and live like gentlemen of pleasure at Paris, on princely incomes. Six Principalities, Electorates and Duchies are actually for sale at the present moment, subject only to the approval of the Cabinet of Vienna.—[Home Journal.]

AFFAIRS OF SWITZERLAND.—The accounts which we receive from Switzerland are of the most gloomy character, and it is most probable that before the present time the opposing parties have come to blows.

Letters from Berne, of 25th ult., besides the 20,000 troops which the Diet in its secret sitting of the 21th empowered the government to call out powers, and instructions have been given to Gen. Dufour, the commander-in-chief of the government forces, to add as many to that number as he may consider necessary to put a speedy stop to the insurrection of the Catholic provinces. In the sitting of the 21th, Gen. Dufour took the oath of fidelity to the government, on assuming the command of the troops, so that there can be no truth in the statement made by the 'Journal des Debats,' that that officer had thrown up the command.

We are assured that at the sitting of the Diet on the 25th, a motion was brought forward on the part of the government for a formal declaration of war, and that there was no doubt of its being adopted by the majority, which usually has supported the government throughout the struggle.

Three battalions of troops belonging to the canton of St. Gall government, in consequence of this event, had demanded reinforcements from the central Federal government which was at once agreed to, and three battalions from Zurich were sent into that canton.

Morning Chronicle, Oct. 30.

WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS. How often do we see a lady who cannot walk; cannot rise in the morning; cannot to her bonnet strings; faint if she has to lace her boots; never in her life brushed out her beautiful hair; would not, for the world, prick her finger with plain sewing; but who can work harder than a factory girl, upon a lamb's wool shepherdess—dance like a dervish, in a crowded ball room, and whilst every breath of air gives her cold in her father's house, and she cannot think how people can endure the climate, can yet go out to dinner parties in February and March, with an inch of sleeve and half-a-quarter of bodice?

It is said that the British Government have come to the conclusion to erect a Light House and Fog Bell on Cape Race, Newfoundland. The spot contemplated, is on the direct route of vessels of every description sailing to the mouth of the St. Lawrence from Europe.

"Circumstance of War."

GEN. SCOTT'S DESPATCHES.—"There is not an American in Europe whose heart will not bound with feelings of exultation as he reads this blazon of his country's glory. The brilliant events which are here recorded, will be for him an overwhelming answer to the unceasing storm of abuse which the malignant enemies of his country are constantly heaping upon her history and her character. Whoever he may be, in whatever portion he may be wandering, these official records will be unspeakably welcome."

"More brilliant battles have never been fought on this continent. Braver or better troops never met an enemy on the face of the earth.—In every attribute of soldiery they have shone conspicuous. Every department of the army has proved itself to be of the very highest order of excellence. The officers, especially, have shown themselves fully equal to any that ever led gallant men into the bloody field. They have won for themselves the gratitude of their country and the admiration of the world."

"These great battles, as narrated in the despatches, cannot fail to make a profound impression on the public mind in Europe. The press may, and doubtless will, disparage them and attempt to prevent their general perusal. But they will be read and appreciated by intelligent men throughout Great Britain and the Continent. They will set the seal upon the United States, as already a great military power; full of strength and knowing well how to use it; as a match, though an infant in years, for the oldest and greatest of the giants who have held the world in awe so long. It is not as some would have it, a small thing to establish such a name. National Power is now, as it always has been, the leading test of National greatness and of National influence in the world's affairs. The strongest nation will always be the ruling nation, upon this planet on which we live."—[N. Y. Courier.]

The Ophicleid Player.

"During the early part of the French invasion of Algiers, a small party of the French troops fell into an Arab ambush, and those who were not immediately slain or taken prisoners were obliged to put more trust in their muskets. It happened that the regimental band was with the party, and the musicians made a retreat with the rest in a prestissimo movement of the most rapid execution. The ophicleid player was however, embarrassed by his instrument, and he was hesitating about carrying it farther, when happening to cast a Partisan glance behind, at his consternation he beheld an Arab horseman close upon him. Farther flight was useless, altho' years of desert slavery made a gloomy prospect; and yet, what would his sword avail him against the pursuer? Desperation is the parent of many a strange resource. The lately abused ophicleid was lifted to his shoulder, musket fashion, and the muzzle brought to cover his form. The Arab was struck with panic. Doubtless this was some devilry of these Giaours, some machine of death, with a mouth large enough to sweep half his tribe into eternity. Not a second did he hesitate, but wheeling round, he galloped off at a pace which soon took him out of what he conceived might be the range of the grand-father of all muskets. Our musician made good his retreat, with a higher opinion of the powers of his instrument than he had ever before possessed, and the story was the amusement of the French army for many a day afterwards."

Going to Bed.

Going to bed we have always considered as one of the most sober, serious, and solemn operations which a man can be engaged in during the whole twenty-four hours. With a young lady, it is altogether a different sort of thing. When bedtime arrives, she trips up stairs with a candle in her hand, and—if she has had pleasant company during the evening—with some agreeable ideas in her head. The candle is placed on the toilet, and her luxuriant hair speedily emancipated from the thralldom of combs and pins. If she usually wears "water curls," or uses the "iron," her hair is brushed carefully from her forehead, and the whole mass compactly secured; if not, why then her lovely tresses are soon hid in innumerable bits of paper. This task accomplished, a night-cap—perhaps, edged, maybe, with plain muslin, or maybe with lacy lace, which hides all, save her own sweet countenance. As soon as she ties the strings, probably she takes a peep in her glass, and half smiles and blushes at what she sees. The light is out—her fair, delicate form gently presses the couch,—and, like a dear innocent lovely creature, as she is, she falls gently into sleep with a sweet smile on her still sweeter face. A man, of course, under the same circumstances, acts quite differently. Every movement in his chamber indicates the coarse, rough mould of his fallen nature. When all is ready he snuffs the candle out with his fingers, like a cannibal, and then jumps into bed like a savage. For a few moments, he thinks of all the peccadilloes he may have committed during the day,—vows a vow to amend soon,—groans,—turns over,—stretches himself,—then all is silent,—and then the heavy breathing of the slumberer.

Is there not something preternaturally solemn about sleep? a something about it of dread and apprehension?—the recurrent position, the closed eyes, the parted lips, the pallid countenance, the operations of the mind suspended and the half heard breath alone indicating the vital principle!

EXCELLENT RULES. To remember that we are all subject to fallings and infirmities of one kind or another.

To bear with, and not magnify each other's infirmities.

To avoid going from house to house for the purpose of hearing news and interfering with other people's business.

Always to turn a deaf ear to any slanderous report, and lay no charge against any person until well-founded.

If one be in fault to tell him in private, before it is mentioned to others.

To observe the just rule of Solomon, that is, to leave off contention before it is meddled with.

Why do day and night resemble two Banks stopping payment, from the same cause?

Because one breaks when the other fails.

LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 2, 1847.

The Philosopher's Stone.

It is well known to the world, that among a certain set of philosophers, or rather, with a certain class of minds—during several centuries—a favorite idea was, the cherished hope, accompanied with long and patient efforts to find some universal solvent which should transmute all metals into gold. The beautiful and truthful science of chemistry owes some of its most splendid discoveries to the researches of the Alchemists, exploring the secrets of nature in the vain hope of finding this all-powerful agent. How many times it was supposed to be found! How often the dreary plodder thought he had achieved the mighty discovery that was to confer wealth and favor without measure upon him! It was never found. But although this idle dream never reached its realization, and is now reckoned among the exploded follies of former ages—yet how frequently is the same disposition manifest among men, that prompted to the pursuit of this vagary. In almost every department of business—in the pursuit of every profession—will find man, each in his own way, striving for the philosopher's stone—dreaming of some mighty discovery, or expecting some master stroke of fortune or of policy that is to settle the affairs of the world. Take the alchemical theologian, for instance.—what does he do? His mind is striving and reaching for some great idea that is to set him forever at rest, so that he may thenceforth fold his hands quietly and sit him down without exertion the remainder of his days "until his change come." He is not content, quietly and faithfully to discharge the duties of each day. No, he wants to strain himself to some great effort, that shall answer instead of a whole life's faithfulness. Many a merchant instead of trusting to the sure and steady gains of his every day business, launches forth upon some bubble speculation, hoping to end the labors of a life-time by the efforts of a day. And in the medical world how many a deluded invalid fancies the panacea is at last found—the great infallible that is to heal every form of disease and chase death and suffering from the precincts of humanity. His hectic cheek and wasting form too soon assure him that his is but the dream of the deluded alchemist. All these dreamy efforts are but the impatient and fruitless struggles of the restless mind against the unalterable condition of things. The battle of life is not fought in a day, or rather, it is not finished in a day, though each day has its little skirmish. It is rather by "patient continuance in well doing" that the religionist is to fulfil the duties of life. The labors of life are necessary and profitable every day. The merchant and the laborer are better off when patiently achieving them than dreaming of imperishable gains. All diseases cannot be healed by one remedy. Each malady must have its appropriate treatment. No universal panacea will ever be found. No philosopher's stone will ever reward the search of any Alchemist.

Who would have thought, five years since, that the Potatoe would ever be considered a luxury? but such is the fact. The sight of clean, smooth-skin potatoes, is good for sore eyes—to say nothing of the effects of the rounding dial of well baked, mealy fellows, upon the glandular fluids. We have had none such for the season except those procured of Messrs. Dennis & Barrett, who have just received three hundred bushels, of old fashioned looking fellows.

CONGRESS. The thirtieth Congress assembled at Washington on the 6th inst. Last advices represent the city as fast filling up—members and strangers arriving daily. It will be a stormy session—subjects of deep interest to the country are to be discussed—the War, question, and the principles of the Wilmot Provision, together with the succession to the Presidency, will be the subjects of interest, as they now are of anxiety.

AN INTERESTING BOOK. Redding & Co., Boston, have just received an interesting work entitled "A Campaign in New Mexico with Col. Doniphan, by Frank S. Edwards, a Volunteer, with a map of the route, and a table showing the distances traversed." The whole work, it is said, "abounds in interesting sketches, hair-breadth 'scapes, anecdotes, and perilous adventures." The work, doubtless, will be ordered by our booksellers, immediately.

The Daily Empire of Portland, devoted to the elevation of Gen. Taylor to the Presidency—is to be enlarged on the first of January; at which time they will issue a weekly Empire, of large size, to take the place of the Tribune, now issued by the same proprietors, Messrs. Edwards & Child.

Mr. EDITOR.—Permit me to enquire, if the Fire Wardens have attended to the duty of "examining stoves and funnels," the present season?

No; but they are "just a going to." Ed.

The New Orleans papers speak of business as having commenced there for the reason with uncommonly favorable prospects.

Switzerland.

The prospect of the breaking out of a civil war in Switzerland, between the Catholic cantons of the Souderbound and the other cantons appeared to be eminent. We find the latest and most full accounts on this subject in the Journal des Debats. From that paper of Nov. 1, we copy the following letter, dated from the *Frontier of the Swiss Cantons*, October, 28:

"I have to announce that the vaudois, from seventeen to fifty years of age, set forth Tuesday morning to prevent themselves at the frontiers of the canton.—The artillery is on its way to-day. It is reported that the catholics of Echallieu, refusing to take arms, had been immediately incarcerated, to the number of 400, in different prisons. At Geneva, the gendarmes have caused the rebellious to be arrested, and have watched sedulously those who are in barracks. The departure of the contingent is announced for today or tomorrow."

It would be impossible to speak of the mourning and sadness, which reign now in the cantons of Vaud and Geneva. It was a heart rending sight to behold the militia tearing themselves from the arms of their wives and their children, bathed in tears! The governments, to avoid a renewal of these previous scenes, consoled with care, the day for departure of the federal militia.

Fribourg must be attacked first. To succeed this time, it is desirable to surprise it unawares. By throwing the people off their guard as to the day and place of invasion there is a hope of obtaining a prompt and easy triumph. But what disturbs mostly the radical leaders is that it is almost certain that at the moment of an attack too vigorous to be repulsed, the Fribourgeois, abandoning their country, would make in concert with those of Valais, a move upon Lausanne and Geneva, the immediate result of which would be a revolution in the government of the two States.

The letters from Fribourg say, there can be formed no idea of the state of that city, at the same time military, literary and religious—there is the sound of war, and the silence of the cloister—by times ruling the population when the imminence of danger offends without mistrust and without fear."

THE CULTIVATION OF MUSIC. We learn that the class formed by Mr. READ at Eagle Hall, on Tuesday evening, was very fully attended, by old and young; and right glad are we to see this manifestation of good taste, on the part of our citizens. In every circle may be seen the bad effects of a deficiency in this polite accomplishment. Much of the music which we hear, would puzzle any man of sense.

"To read what manner of music it might be," and all for the want of a proper cultivation. Now that we have one of the best musical teachers in the country with us, we trust all will improve the opportunity, as another such may not soon present itself.

THE NEW LINE. The Steamer T. F. Scott, Capt. T. B. Sanford, makes her second trip from Portland to Portland to-day. This new arrangement will prove a great public convenience, and we are glad to learn that it meets with general favor.

THE DAILY EMPIRE. We have received several numbers of this paper, published at Portland by Messrs. EDWARDS & CHILD. The publishers are connected with the Magnetic Telegraph, and thus their arrangements for obtaining the earliest and fullest news, Congressional as well as miscellaneous, from every part of the Union, are unsurpassed by any other publishers in the State. The Empire is to be enlarged on the first day of January; terms, \$3.50 per year. John, you may enter our name upon your books at once.

MICHIGAN. The Democratic majority is 5000. The Senate contains no whig and the House but here and there one.

HORROR MURDER. A correspondent of the Worcester Transcript writing from Canaan, N. H., Nov. 23, gives the following shocking intelligence:

"Some fourteen years ago, Capt. E. Whittier, living at the 'Summit,' four miles below here, killed a child of his with a gunball. He was arrested, tried, and finally after a long imprisonment in Haverhill jail, set at liberty, because he at the time of doing the deed was considered insane. Last Sunday morning he got up from his breakfast table, went to the door, and took another young child of his, two and a half years old, by the legs, and literally beat his brains out against the door stone. He is to be tried for the deed, and will doubtless be acquitted, as formerly."

LIGHT. A great attempt is making at the Capitol to throw light on the proceedings of Congress at the next session, through the agency of the ingenious Mr. Crutcheet. The Capitol was illuminated a few days since according to this new plan. The Union says the new chandeliers in the Senate Chamber and the Representatives' Hall were both lighted, as were also the new and beautiful ante-room of the chamber and several of the passages leading through the building; and, above all, the immense lantern, filled with burners, towering above the dome of the Rotunda. The chandeliers of both houses are superb. The one in the House is ornamented with a beautiful scroll; that in the Senate by thirteen brilliant stars, (representing the good old Thirteen States,) with their pendant prisms.—These, reflected from the mirrors above, appear like double stars, multiplied to nearly double the number. Each chandelier furnishes light equal to five thousand spermaceti candles.

It is stated by a Telegraphic despatch in the N. Y. Commercial, that the Legislature of South Carolina met last Monday, and the Governor's message was communicated to it on Tuesday. It states the ground heretofore taken by Mr. Calhoun in relation to the Mexican war, and goes into an argument at some length against the Wilmot provision. The Governor says that it requires no epiphany to foretell that, sooner or later, the South will have to meet and finally decide the questions mooted in that proviso, and thought now to commence the preparations to meet them.

